HYMNS

FOR THE

WATCH-NIGHT.

I.

1 OFT have we paſs'd the guilty night,
In revellings and frantic mirth:
The creature was our ſole delight,
Our happineſs the things of earth;
But O! ſuffice the ſeaſon paſt,
We chooſe the better part at laſt.

2 We will not cloſe our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids ſleep,
But humbly lift them to the ſkies,
And all a ſolemn vigil keep:
So many years on ſin beſtow'd,
Can we not watch one night for God?

3 We can, dear Jeſus, for thy ſake,
Devote our every hour to thee:
Speak but the word, our ſouls ſhall wake,
And ſing with chearful melody;
Thy praiſe ſhall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart ſhall dance for joy.

4 Dear object of our faith and love,
We liſten for thy welcome voice:
Our perſons and our works approve,
And bid us in thy ſtrength rejoice:
Now let us hear the midnight cry,
And ſhout to find the Bridegroom nigh.

5 Shout in the midſt of us, O King
Of ſaints, and make our joys abound;
Let us exult, give thanks, and ſing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We aſk for every waiting ſoul,
O let our glorious joy be full.

6 O may we all triumphant riſe,
With joy upon our heads return,
And far above thoſe nether ſkies,
By thee on eagles' wings upborn,
Thro' all yon radiant circles move,
And gain the higheſt heaven of love.

II.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whoſe bar ſevere,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all ſhall ſoon appear.
Our caution'd ſouls prepare
For that tremendous day
And fill us now with watchful care,
And ſtir us up to pray.

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majeſty and pow'r,
Thou ſhalt from Heav'n come down.
Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

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3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increaſe our gracious fears,
For ever let th' Archangel's voice
Be ſounding in our ears,
The ſolemn midnight cry,
" Ye dead, the judge is come!
" Ariſe and meet him in the ſky,
" And meet your inſtant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found,
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's ſound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus enſure
Our lot among the bleſt,
And watch a moment to ſecure
An everlaſting reſt!

III.

1 O JESUS, the reſt,
Of ſpirits diſtreſt,
In whom all the children of men *may* be bleſt:
The bleſſing deſign'd
For the whole of mankind,
Give us in the love of thy ſpirit to find!

2 For this do we keep
A ſad vigil, and weep,
The fruit of our tears that in joy we may reap;
While ſent from above
The comfort we prove,
The unſpeakable gift of thy ranſoming love.

3 Our brethren we ſee
By mercy ſet free,
They have found the abundant redemption in thee
Thy tenders of grace
They gladly embrace,
And tell of thy goodneſs, and live to thy praiſe.

4 But ſtill *we* remain
In bondage and pain,
Unable to bear, or to ſhake off our chain;
In the furnace we cry,
Come, Lord, from the ſky,
Make haſte to our help, or in *Egypt* we die.

5 O Jeſus! appear,
Thy mourners to cheer,
Our grief to aſſuage, and to baniſh our fear:
Thy pris'ners releaſe,
Vouchſafe us thy peace,
And our troubles and ſins in a moment ſhall ceaſe.

6 That moment be now:
The petition allow,
Our preſent Redeemer, and Comforter Thou:
The freedom from ſin,
The Atonement bring in,
And ſprinkle our conſcience, and bid us be clean.

7 The bleſſing of grace,
Now let it take place,
The dew of thy mercy deſcend on our race;
Thy Spirit, O God,
Pour out on the crowd,
And water us all with a ſhower of thy blood.

IV.

1 I, I am the man that have known
Diſtreſs by the ſtroke of his rod;
And ſtill thro' the anguiſh I groan,
And pine for the abſence of God:
The happy in Jeſus may ſleep;
But O! till in me he appears,
Be this my employment, to weep,
And water my couch with my tears.

2 Or rather, if any are nigh,
Forlorn and afflicted like me,
All night let us lift up our cry,
And mourn his appearing to ſee:

(As watchmen expecting the morn)
Look out for the light of his face,
And wait for his mercy's return,
And long to recover his grace.

3 His grace to our ſouls *did* appear,
And brought us ſalvation from ſin;
We felt our Immanuel here
Reſtoring his kingdom within:
But O! we have loſt him again,
His Spirit hath taken its flight;
Our joy it is turn'd into pain,
Our day it is turn'd into night.

4 O what ſhall we do to retrieve
The love for a ſeaſon beſtow'd?
'Tis better to die than to live
Exil'd from the preſence of God:
With ſorrow diſtracted, and doubt,
With palpable horror oppreſt,
The city we wander about,
And ſeek our repoſe in his breaſt.

5 Ye watchmen of Iſrael declare
If ye our beloved have ſeen,
And point to that heavenly fair,
Surpaſſing the children of men:
Our Lover and Lord from above,
Who only can quiet our pain,
Whom only we languiſh to love,
O where ſhall we find him again!

6 The joy and deſire of our eyes,
The end of our ſorrow and woe,
Our hope, and our heavenly prize,
Our height of ambition below;
Once more, if he ſhews us his face,
He never again ſhall depart,
Detain'd in our cloſeſt embrace,
Eternally held in our heart.

V.

1 JESUS, God of our ſalvation,
Give us eyes thyſelf to ſee,
Waiting for the conſolation,
Longing to believe on thee:
Now vouchſafe the ſacred pow'r,
Now the faith divine impart;
Meet us in this ſolemn hour,
Shine in ev'ry drooping heart.

2 *Anna*-like within the temple,
Simeon-like we meekly ſtay,
Daily with thy ſaints aſſemble,
Nightly for thy coming pray:
While our ſouls are bow'd before thee,
While we humbly ſue for grace,
Come, thy people's light and glory,
Shew to all thy heav'nly face.

3 If to us thy ſacred Spirit
Hath the future grace reveal'd,
Let us, by thy righteous merit
Now receive our pardon ſeal'd:
To eternal life appointed,
Let us thy ſalvation ſee,
Now behold the Lord's anointed,
Now obtain our heav'n in thee.

VI.

1 MEET and right, it is to ſing,
In ev'ry time and place,
Glory to our heav'nly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with ſweet accord,
All in one thankſgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praiſe be thine!

2 Thee the firſt-born ſons of light
In choral ſymphonies,
Praiſe by day, (day without night)
And never, never ceaſe:
Angels, and archangels all,
Sing the myſtic Three in One!
Sing, and ſtop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne.

3 Vying with that happy choir
Who chant thy praiſe above,
We on eagles' wings aſpire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee they ſing with glory crown'd,
We extol the ſlaughter'd Lamb;
Lower if our voices ſound,
Our ſubject is the ſame.

4 Father, God, thy love we praiſe,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jeſus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify:
Spirit, Comforter, divine,
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heav'n.

VII.

1 COME, let us anew,
Our pleaſures purſue;
For CHRISTIAN delight
The day is too ſhort: let us borrow the night:
In ſanctifi'd joy
Each moment employ
To Jeſus's praiſe,
And ſpend, and be ſpent in the triumph of grace.

2 The ſlaves of exceſs,
Their ſenſes to pleaſe,
Whole nights can beſtow,
And on in a circle of riot they go:

Poor prodigals, they
The night into day
By revellings turn,
And all the reſtraints of ſobriety ſcorn.

3 The drunkards proclaim
At midnight their ſhame,
Their ſacrifice bring,
And loud to the praiſe of *their* maſter they ſing:
The helliſh deſires
Which ſatan inſpires,
In ſonnets they breathe,
And ſhouting deſcend to the regions of death.

4 The civiller crowd
In theatres proud
Acknowledge his pow'r,
And ſatan in nightly ASSEMBLIES adore:
To the MASQUE and the BALL
They fly at his call:
Or in pleaſures excel,
And chant in a grove* to the harpers of hell.

5 And ſhall we not ſing
Our Maſter and King,
While men are at reſt,
With Jeſus admitted at midnight to feaſt?
Here only we may
With innocence ſtay,
Th' enjoyment improve,
And abide at the banquet of Jeſus's love.

6 In him is beſtow'd
The ſpiritual food,
The manna divine,
And Jeſus's love is far better than wine:
With joy we receive
The bleſſing, and give
By day and by night,
All thanks to the Source of our endleſs delight.

7 Our concert of praiſe
To Jeſus we raiſe,
And all the night long
Continue the new evangelical ſong:
We dance to the fame
Of Jeſus's name:
The joy it imparts
Is heaven begun in our muſical hearts:

8 Thus, thus we beſtow
Our moments below,
And ſinging remove,
With all the redeem'd to the SION above:
There, there we ſhall ſtand
With our harp in our hand,
Interrupted no more,
And eternally ſing, and rejoice, and adore.

VIII.

1 JESUS, guard thy gather'd ſheep
Who thy voice begin to know,
Day and night in ſafety keep,
Help us after thee to go:
Eyeing thee with fix'd regard,
By thy word and ſpirit led,
Walk we in thy works prepar'd,
Cloſe in all thy footſteps tread.

2 In thy pilgrimage with men,
(Objects of thy conſtant care)
Thou didſt all their grief ſuſtain,
Lab'ring, watching unto pray'r:
Thou whole nights in pray'r didſt ſpend,
On the mount for us employ'd,
Prompt the helpleſs to defend,
Prevalent with man and God.

3 By no private wants compell'd,
Only love inſpir'd thy breaſt,
Love thy ſteady hands upheld,
Love inforc'd the kind requeſt:

And ſhall we refuſe to join,
We who all the good receive,
Reap the fruit of toil divine,
By the pray'r of Jeſus live!

4 Nay, but in thy ſtrength we riſe,
Nightly to the mountain go,
Breathe our wiſhes to the ſkies
For the ſleeping crowd below:
Pray, my watchful brethren, pray,
Full of wants, and ſins, and fears,
Wreſtle till the break of day,
Till the ſaving grace appears.

5 Jeſus, hear our midnight cry,
Execute thy love's deſign;
Bring thy great ſalvation nigh,
Claim a ranſom'd world for thine:
Take the purchaſe of thy blood,
(Blood that ſpeaks our ſins forgiv'n!)
Let it bring us near to God,
Let it pray us up to heaven!

IX.

1 HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whoſe hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude;
Our day is ſpent in doing good,
Our night in praiſe and pray'r.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No moments linger unemploy'd,
Or unimprov'd below:
Our wearineſs of life is gone,
Who live to ſerve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night and ſummer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too ſhort to ſing thy praiſe;

Too few we find the happy hours,
And haſte to join thoſe heav'nly pow'rs,
In everlaſting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And holy, holy, holy, cry,
A bright harmonious throng,
We long thy praiſes to repeat,
And reſtleſs ſing around thy ſeat
The new eternal ſong.

X.

1 YE virgin ſouls ariſe,
With all the dead awake,
Unto ſalvation wiſe,
Oil in your veſſels take;
Upſtarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And raiſe to glory all
Who fit for glory are:
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the ſky,
Your everlaſting friend,
Your Head to glorify,
With all his ſaints aſcend;
Ye pure in heart obtain the grace,
To ſee, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye that have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his ſpirit liv'd
Obedient to his love,
Jeſus ſhall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the ſanctify'd.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When all ſhall be caught up
And ſtand before his throne;
Call'd to partake the marriage-feaſt,
And lean on our IMMANUEL'S breaſt.

6 The everlaſting doors
Shall ſoon the ſaints receive,
Above thoſe angel-pow'rs
In glorious joy to live,
Far from a world of grief and ſin,
With God eternally ſhut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome ſound;
To ſee our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found;
When Jeſus doth the heav'ns bow,
Be found—as Lord, thou find'ſt us now.

XI.

1 JOIN all ye ranſom'd ſons of grace
The holy joy prolong,
And ſhout to the Redeemer's praiſe
A ſolemn midnight ſong.

2 Bleſſing, and thanks, and love, and might
Be to our Jeſus giv'n,
Who turns our darkneſs into light,
Who turns our hell to heav'n.

3 Thither our faithful ſouls he leads,
Thither he bids us riſe,
With crowns of joy upon our heads
To meet him in the ſkies.

4 To ſeal the univerſal doom
The ſkies he ſoon ſhall bow;
But if thou muſt at midnight come,
O let us meet thee now.

FINIS.